



ornia
al
y



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

SONGS TO A SINGER
AND OTHER VERSES

SONGS TO
A SINGER
AND OTHER VERSES

BY

ROSA NEWMARCH

LONDON : JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK : JOHN LANE COMPANY MCMVI

Printed by BALLANTYNE & CO. LIMITED
Tavistock Street, London

PR
6027
N469s

CONTENTS

SONGS TO A SINGER

	PAGE
THE PRELUDE TO DAY	9
WHITE ROSE OR RED?	11
THE ROSE OF SONG	12
EUPHROSYNE	14
STARLESS NIGHTS	15
THE GIFT: SONNET	16
THE HOPE OF JUNE	18
A SONG OF FLOOD TIDE	20
ACROSS CHANNEL	22
A SONG OF DAWN	24
"DOUSHÁ MOYÁ"	26
SONNET	27
ROSE OF ROSES	29
AUBADE	30
MIDSUMMER'S STARS	31
THE COMING OF WINTER: SONNET	32
MY BIRTHDAY	34
MYSTICAL SONG	36

866741

	PAGE
OUR SILENCES	37
NEW YEAR'S EVE	38
THE BITTER MELODY	39
SOME NIGHT TO COME	40
THE FALLEN STAR	42
A KISS AT SUNSET	43
FOREST SONG	45
SONG	47
SONG: RUSSIAN STYLE	49
AFTER-THOUGHTS	51
LES HEURES TÉNÈBRES	52
WHERE LINERS PASS	54
THE REST ARE DREAMS	56

VERSES

SAINT ELIZABETH	61
REALIST TO IDEALIST	64
IN FLOODTIME	67
TO A WANDERER	70
THE DOUBLE LIFE	73
THE SONG UNSUNG	75
STORNELLI	80
FIVE TATAR FOLK-SONGS	82

FRAGMENTS FROM "KING WALDEMAR"

	PAGE
WALDEMAR'S LOVE-SONG	87
WALDEMAR SINGS AT MIDNIGHT	88
TOVÉ'S REPLY	90
THE LOVE DUET	92
THE PRESAGE	93
QUEEN HELVIG'S SONG	94
THE TIDINGS	95
TOVÉ'S DIRGE	95
TOVÉ'S BURIAL	97
KING WALDEMAR'S LAMENT	100
WALDEMAR'S DESPAIR	101
KING WALDEMAR'S MIDNIGHT CHASE	102
EPILOGUE : THE SUMMER WIND'S WILD CHASE	104



THE PRELUDE TO DAY

*THE violins had stirred with hopes that died,
Like winds too weak to usher in the morn,
While to the dark-toned basses still replied
The sad, uncertain echo of the horn.*

*The impending mass of music seemed to brood
Inert and torpid, as nocturnal earth
Waits pulseless in the vague disquietude
Of that last hour which shrouds the daylight's birth.*

*Until the blast of trumpets came to break
And splinter darkness into saffron bars ;*

*Then flute scales, as from throstles half-awake,
And harp-chords like the farewell sigh of stars.*

*But last of all the effulgence of your voice
Rose, scattering all the lingering fears of night,
And bade my heart grow warm, my soul rejoice ;
As though God said once more : " Let there be
light !"*

WHITE ROSE OR RED ?

MY singer, sing a song that flows
In a silver melody,
Chaster than the breeze that blows
From a winter moonlit sea,
Blanched to perfect purity
Like the heart of some white rose.

My singer, sing a song that glows
Fiercer than a smouldering pyre,
Linked to melody that grows
Ever stronger, fuller, higher,
Shot with dusk and scent and fire,
Like the heart of some red rose.

THE ROSE OF SONG

*" Strange rose which blossoms free
On boughs of an enchanted tree
And sings like any bird "*

A. LANG

SHE stands superb ; a queen apart
From all the radiant, jewelled throng,
As when a rose unfolds among
The gay parterres her glowing heart,
All lesser flowers, though rare and sweet,
Must seem but subjects at her feet.

She sings : each lifted face in turn
Is touched with rapture or with pain.
O voice, wherein life's triumphs reign !

O voice, wherein life's passions yearn !

My heart salutes her—queen above

All queens, my Singing Rose of Love !

EUPHROSYNE

SET, O star malign,
That too long has cast
On this life of mine
Rays which pierce and blast,
Star, whose mocking light
Misleads like blackest night.

Rise another star,
Shining but to bless,
Milder, dearer far,
In its tenderness :
Star, all stars among,
Whose course is like a song !

STARLESS NIGHTS

THE sky is dull and softly clouded
With vapours all too slight for shape ;
Her gold and purple closely shrouded,
Night seems a banner swathed in crape.

The sea lies blank ; I hear it calling
And straining towards the darkened land ;
A line of silver, dimly falling,
Shows where it meets the hidden sand.

Through gloom of starless nights, the ocean
Still finds a way to reach the shores,
As through life's stress some veiled emotion
Has drawn my soul in touch with yours.

THE GIFT

AH, would that I might spread my arms and
gather

The essence of all beauty earth contains :

The bloom of hills at sundown ; jewelled
chains

Of midnight stars ; hues from the peacock's
feather ;

The thrill of frost ; the glow of harvest
weather ;

The fragrance of pale jasmine after rains

And golden songs before their passion wanes,

To blend these in one regal gift together,

But since, dear child, I am not God in Heaven,
To crush this world, as one might crush a
flower,

And o'er your life its yielded sweets diffuse,

I can but give to-day what I have given

Unasked, eluded, since our meeting hour—

My great, vain love for which you have no use.

THE HOPE OF JUNE

BRING, O Maytide, to the earth,
Festal robes and songs of mirth.
Clothe the fields in emerald
Silks, by fairy hands forestalled,
Woven in April's magic looms.
Crown the lilac bush with plumes,
Gild the slopes with fragrant blooms,
Deck in bridal white the hedges,
Fringe the brook with flowering sedges.
Give all nature her desire,
Birds their mates and maids their lovers.
I will wait, till summer's fire
Warms to life yon thorny briar,

Where all day my fancy hovers,
From grey dawn to golden close,
O'er one proud, defiant rose.

A SONG OF FLOOD TIDE

FROM the bosom of mid-ocean
With a glad and lifting motion
Flood tide comes in swift commotion.

Like a lover new to blisses,
First earth's garment hem he kisses,
Where the wet beach drags and hisses.

Now leaps skyward, now curves under,
Flings upon her lap the wonder
Of his shimmering, deep-sea plunder.

Then in wooing waxing bolder,
Reaches to her sun-warmed shoulder,
Stretching yearning arms to hold her,

Till cold pools and arid shingle
In his salt embraces tingle,
Earth and sea in passion mingle.

ACROSS CHANNEL

ONE short June night of yearning,
One bird's clear matin song,
Twelve hours of golden sunshine—
A day twelve hours too long ;
A race through Kentish hop-fields,
A flashing arc of blue,
The low, green fields of Flanders—
And then I come to you !

O stars, desist from roaming,
Wake birds and call the light ;
Morn melt in noon and midday
Mix instantly with night ;

Throb with my haste, hot engines,
Set seaward, wind and tide—
My heart outleaps each moment
That keeps me from your side !

A SONG OF DAWN

From A. P. Jacobsen

AWAKE to joy, O flowers,

Arise and throw

The dewdrops from your faces !

The sun puts forth his powers,

The stars must go

To hide in dim sky-spaces.

Already through the grass

The mottled snake

Glides to the water's edge.

The rosy dawn-mists pass
And birds awake
To sing in hurst and hedge.

Drop from the lily's cup,
Bright lady-bird,
And bid your wife come too !
The summer sun is up,
The lark is heard,
The world is born anew !

“DOUSHÁ MOYÁ”

“DOUSHÁ moyá,” once long ago

I spoke the Russian words in jest,
Which pleased thee, though thou didst not
know

Their highest meaning and their best,
Nor dream that thou shouldst come to be
Doushá moyá, “the soul of me.”

Doushá moyá, if thou shouldst tire

And care no more to be the breath
Of impulse, and the active fire

That keeps my soul from sloth and death,
How aimless life and work would be,
Doushá moyá, deprived of thee !

SONNET

YOUR heart is no enclosed garden-space
Where treacherous pools lie hid from sun and
breeze,

And stealthy paths, yew-shaded mysteries,
Lead on lost lovers in a fruitless chase ;
Nor is it like a close-trimmed public place,
Where fairest plants and spiciest rosaries
Are kept for show, and all is trained to please
A loit'ring crowd with artificial grace.

Ah no ! Your heart is spacious, frank and free,
As the wild heath-tracts of your northern land,
Swept clean by mountain winds ; a spot to be

The singing-ground of larks, the enchanted
strand

Of happy children—and my dream of ease

When the world wreaks its petty tyrannies.

ROSE OF ROSES

ROSE of roses ! All life's garden
Knows the secret of thy presence,
Like a sweet, soul-healing essence
Breathing love and shedding pardon.
Sweet when noontide's sun has flushed thee,
Sweeter still when rains have crushed thee.

Rose of life, too bright, too tender,
For the garden of my spirit,
Desert land that does not merit
Perfume rare and crimson splendour !
Dear in noontide's golden gladness,
Dearest in the dusk of sadness.

AUBADE

COME, morn, to melt the shadows

That keep the roses grey.

Stir, thrush, and wake my singer,

Break, primrose dawn, and bring her

Across the glistening meadows

To set the key of day !

MIDSUMMER'S STARS

ARCTURUS, Vega and Altair,
Antares, burning fiercely red,
And all June's stars that overhead
Are quivering in the limpid air,
Shine while ye may, for ye shall be

Wan and grey,

Dissolved away,

When mine own Star shines forth on me.

THE COMING OF WINTER

Now woods are black and orchards stripped
of fruit,

And half the empty fields are ploughed and
tilled

For next year's harvest ; now the dykes are
filled

With shining floods of autumn, where the coot
Dips among yellowing reeds ; the blackbird's
flute,

Late tuned to strange tonalities, is stilled ;
Now robins sing ; and every night the chilled
Gery world puts on frost's silver-broidered suit.

But winter cannot reach my heart while I
Fold closely there a dream as dear as true :
How in the brief November days we two
Shall meet in flame-lit dusk, and you will sing
Songs that recall the timid hopes of Spring,
And all the glad fulfilment of July.

MY BIRTHDAY

ALL day the fog has brooded,
The streets are dark and cold,
My heart is grey with shadows
That warn me I am old.

I dare not face the firelight,
For where it smoulders red
Too many visions gather
Of men and women dead.

I look through yellow windows
Upon a yellow square ;
My gate creaks on its hinges,
My friend has entered there.

My friend has crossed the threshold,

I hear her voice that sings,

And age and fog and sadness

Are long-forgotten things !

MYSTICAL SONG

As clouds are drawn along a river's course
Out to some distant, unconjectured sea,
So down a silver stream of melody
My soul to yours is drawn by mystic force.

Serene and stilled, my life floats just above
The deep, smooth current of your songs that
 flow,
And is too well content with dreams to know
Or reckon with the actual joys of love.

OUR SILENCES

THE world may have your songs,
Your beauty and your smiles,
The art that moves great throngs,
The manner that beguiles.

What use have I for these,
Who crave a fuller dole :
Prefulgent silences
When soul tells all to soul ?

NEW YEAR'S EVE

IF there be any way in which

My ineffectual love has failed¹

To make your days more full and rich ;

If in life's stress I have curtailed

An hour that should have been your due,

Or blindly left you to uplift

A load I might have borne for you ;

If once I have misunderstood

The reason of your smiles or tears,

Or met in jest your graver mood,

I can but pray the coming years

Will make my wisdom more mature,

That you may learn to find in me

Love's sight more clear, love's touch more sure.

THE BITTER MELODY

IF I must name the song in which

Your voice has touched my spirit most,

'Twas not that splendid music, rich

In clarion-cries from Love's glad host,

When victory and passion meet

In hearts that never knew defeat.

It was that bitter melody

Wherein Love's triumph had no part,

Which like a lone, unanswered sea

Wailed out its woe, until my heart

Heard its own voiceless pain that spoke,

And, realising, sobbed and broke.

SOME NIGHT TO COME

(Jean Lahor)

WITHIN your heart there lies a ray
Of calm and opalescent light,
Love, let me put the world away
And rest there on some quiet night.

Let me forget all anguish past,
All failures and all life's alarms ;
There in the silence hold me fast,
Enfolded in your sheltering arms.

Or take my thought-worn, aching head,
Some night to come, upon your knee,

And sing to me of lovers dead,
A poignant old-world melody.

Till in your eyes, with pity wet,
Perchance at last might be revealed
Such tenderness and such regret
That all my sorrows would be healed.

THE FALLEN STAR

ONE star has left its purple track,
And from the happy skies
Has pierced that ocean, blind and black,
Whence never star nor ship came back,
Where hope extinguished lies.

O fall not thou, my star, whose spark
Brought joy beyond all speech,
Through hidden depths where, white and stark,
My wrecked hopes drift through gulfs too dark
For love's own lamp to reach.

A KISS AT SUNSET

KEEP your kisses, child,

For younger lips than mine,

And for hearts less wild

To whom they are not wine.

Kiss your girlish friends in play,

They, who think it sweet to-day,

To-morrow may have met

Love's kiss—and will forget.

But to me your kiss

Seems a leaping fire,

Far too keen for bliss,

Waking dead desire—

Dreams that never may be told !

Sweet, it is too late, too cold

When life's sun is set

To kiss—and to forget.

FOREST SONG

THE pinewood seems the path of doom

The haunt of fear and heaviness,

Along its avenues of gloom

The nightwind wails in pain and stress ;

But ne'er a bird sits carolling

In glades that yield no joy of spring.

The beechwood is the lover's walk.

On spreading roots, moss-tapestried,

Here two may rest to dream or talk,

Where strange, sea-tinted rays are shed,

Too tender for the noon's broad light,

Too warmly green to be of night.

O take my hand, and let us roam

Together through the hursts of beech,
Where song thrills all the emerald dome

And spring has hopeful things to teach !
Or must our ways divide—and mine
Lead back through sunless glades of pine ?

SONG

LOVE, like a honey-scented breeze
Whose path has been o'er flowers and hives,
Breathes sweetly on some happy lives,
For whom his tender mysteries
 Remain as dreams remote,
Or pastoral music, sweet and mild,
Whose limpid echoes give no wild,
 Discordant note.

Love, like a fierce autumnal gale
Whose path has been o'er northern seas,
Brine-bitter with the spray of these,
Smites on some lives that quail

And shrink beneath the test ;
And yet the hearts Love's conflicts break
And those that grieve for passion's sake
He loves the best.

SONG

(Russian Style)

IN the Heavens one star afar

And above ;

In my heart one star—the star

Of your love.

On the steppes warm showers wake flowers

Red and blue ;

On love's way lie flowers, rare flowers,

Shed by you.

From the woods come songs, from throngs

Of blithe birds,

And my heart sings songs, glad songs,
To your words.

Where the ocean swirls, lie pearls,
Fathoms deep ;
In my soul-depths, shrined like pearls,
Memories sleep.

Snow and silence white : the night
Holds its breath ;
Over life creeps down the white
Chill of death.

AFTER-THOUGHTS

MY pain is stifled. I have set

My heel upon Hope's brood, new-born,
And with much anguish of regret
Your image from my heart is torn.

Forgive me—we are strangers now—

But if sometimes the ghost of old
And murdered love should touch your brow
With lips that are not yet quite cold,

Bid it depart, lest it should bring

A flush of shame, a thrill of fear,
Some warmth from fires still smouldering,
Or to your eyes one useless tear.

LES HEURES TÉNÈBRES

I, WHO would give you my life
As a shield for your name,
I, who would give you my brain
As a spur to your fame ;
Turn my cold hearth to a warm,
Safe place for your resting,
My restless heart to a calm
Resort for your nesting ;
I, who would give you my all,
My soul and body to spend
On the things you desire—
What have I done in the end ?
Laid on your breast like a stone

The weight of my sorrow and care,
Shadowed your radiance, sweet friend,
Loved you, and lost you at last
In a dream-haunted sea of despair.

WHERE LINERS PASS

THE throbbing liners cut their way down
Channel,

Swift rangers 'twixt the old world and the new,
When steel-bright sunbeams glint on mast and
funnel

And noon draws up the earlier mists of blue ;

Or when, with grey fogs palled, their hulls at
dawning

Loom out like huge sarcophagi of lead,
While sirens to and fro wail back a warning
From treacherous Goodwins to the Serpent's
Head.

Sometimes, as though the Pleiads strayed from
heaven,

On passing liners clear and clustered lights—
Red stars and gold, along the horizon driven—
Flash by my casement on autumnal nights.

By day or dark, in fair or stormy weather
Whene'er a liner, outward-bound, steams by
My lonely spirit, straining at its tether,
Goes out to hail her in the sea-birds' cry :

"O vessel, to the north-west gale careening,
Heave to, and bear me with you overseas,
Till yonder dark horizon intervening,
Divide me from this world of memories."

THE REST ARE DREAMS

IF out of all the lovely things
That I have meant to do for you,
The upward flight of lyric wings
To magic regions, glad and new,
The flashes of creative fire,
The noble truths made clear and plain—
I have fulfilled one least desire
For which you else had sighed in vain,
 This is achievement's best,
 Life's actual crown—the rest
 Are dreams !

If once in all the years, my friend,
That I shall only live for you
And watch you, careless-handed, spend
Your dearest self on aims untrue,
And give to others without stint
The faith no zeal of mine may gain—
If once you show by look or hint
My love has saved you one least pain,
 'Twill be achievement's best,
 Life's actual good—the rest
 Were dreams !

VERSES

SAINT ELIZABETH

"I cannot live on dreams alone"

The Saint's Tragedy

IF I lay low upon my bed
Wrecked by some hideous, last disease,
I know that you would take my head
Upon your breast to give it ease.

Or if the world put me aside
For some intolerable sin,
Your stainless heart would open wide
To fold the culprit safe within.

Or if I sat at Dives' gate,
A leprous beggar in distress

And you, Princess, came by in state,
You'd pause to give me alms and bless.

If I should call on you to take
Some unclean load of shame and pain
And bear it for a stranger's sake,
I should not have to call in vain.

But for my daily sin of love
And wasting hungers of the soul,
You have the virtue to reprove,
But not the faith to make me whole.

And for the failing dreams of years,
And for these human hopes that fall
Like frost-slain buds, and for my tears,
You have not any use at all,

But on my life that burns and dies—

A lamp that wanes with each lone night—

You look with pure, unpitying eyes :

God knows, my saint, if you are right !

REALIST TO IDEALIST

YOU, whose tenderness sets free
All the virtue locked in me,
Will you leave this obvious good
For a useless memory ?

Will you leave a heart that lives
Better for your sake, and gives
All its substance as your food
For a dream deception weaves ?

My life-purpose is your own :
Mould it to your ends alone.
All unworthy though it be,
Bread is better than a stone.

Leave your futile shadow-land
For life's sunshine ; grasp my hand ;
Learn love's actuality ;
Touch my lips—and understand.

Hold the present ; feel the leap
Of life's pulses ; hear the deep
Harvest-song of them who sow
Human joys that they may reap.

Nay, who knows but you are wise,
Gazing with unfeeling eyes
O'er my living hopes laid low,
To the place where memory lies.

Where unchanging, faultless, chill,
Dream-love can defy me still,

Certain that no living soul
Shall his vacant office fill . . .

Keep your dead, inviolate past ;
Hold your pale ideal fast—
Well I know, who crave the whole,
Only dreams and memories last !

IN FLOODTIME

WE parted, and the morning wept
 Wild rain from neutral-tinted skies,
While down the street the west wind swept
 And mocked aloud my stifled sighs.

I crossed the midlands. Far and wide
 The floods were out on either hand,
As though the old diluvial tide
 Had rolled once more across the land.

From morn till eve, the slant, white rain
 Fell with a heavy, rhythmic beat

And sang a spiritless refrain
Unto a world with tears replete.

And listening to its ceaseless fall
Upon the weary, satiate earth,
Which did not ask for rain at all,
But craved a space of sun and mirth,

I knew how wrong my tears, and vain,
That vexed your life, already full
Of sadness, as the earth with rain,
Whose need of joy was pitiful.

Before my journeying was done,
Above the watery meadows cold,
Broke one pale ray of evening sun
And turned those sheets of steel to gold.

At which the earth looked up and smiled
And half forgot her wretched plight,
As I have seen a weeping child
Take comfort at a hint of light.

And so the floods and sunset heard
My oath to love you cheerfully,
To win you with a joyous word,
And smile when you have wounded me.

TO A WANDERER

WHAT purple splendour seek'st thou in the East,
What ardent songs, what vintage for life's feast,
What blooms of potent charm,
Which were not thine in our own northern land
Where skies may weep and cold waves vex the
strand,
But love is sure and warm ?

Have I not sung thee softer melodies
Than those that from the parching locust-trees
To thee the white doves coo ?
Or doth the nenuphar, when sun is set,
Smell sweeter than an English rose, rain-wet,
Or violets steeped in dew ?

When midday winds assail thee, hot and swift,
Surcharged with flame and sharp with desert-
drift,

The messengers of fear,
Know that my vows could win to thee as soon
As demon-voices on the dread Simoon
Didst thou but care to hear !

At sunset, when the level desert glows,
A cold Sphinx flushes like a rock-hewn rose
Which folds a mystery.

Ah, did Echidna's offspring e'er conceive
A riddle half so baffling to unweave
As are thy ways with me ?

Fierce are the fervours of the Dervish crowd,
At dawn and eve the Moslem cries aloud

His faith from roof and tower ;
But have not I, fanatic, worshipped thee,
Contented thy Muézzin still to be
Throughout life's every hour ?

* * * * *

Dream then awhile in ancient, mystic lands,
Or share the freedom of those trackless sands
Where careless Bedouins rove ;
Yet life holds secrets travel cannot teach—
Come back and wander all thy days, nor reach
The limits of my love.

THE DOUBLE LIFE

I TOIL and strive the long day through
And win no sense of efforts blessed,
Yet all the while somewhere with you
My anxious brain's at rest.

I share in life's felicity,
Such joys and jests as come and go,
Still conscious that one half of me
Is darkened by your woe.

And while my spirit walks in night,
Or mourns with them that mourn,
My flesh rejoices in the light
That of your laugh is born.

Sometimes I sit and muse apart,
The idlest creature under heaven ;
Yet feel your influence in my heart
Is working like a leaven.

Or when I sleep, that dreamless sleep,
Where life and will seem things afar,
There's something in me wakes to keep
A vigil where you are.

And I am sure when I must give
My soul and body up to Death,
Some faculty of mine will live
So long as you have breath.

THE SONG UNSUNG

THE throbbing fires of day were quenched at
last

In the dim purple of a breathless night.

The wide, slow Flemish river glided past

As black as Styx, save where a spear of light

Punctured its glassy surface here and there,

Shot from some anchored boat ; in garden
bowers,

The listless roses drooped and all the air

Was warm with perfumes of day-wearied
flowers.

Long since the sturdy team of roans had drawn

The day's last load within the Château farm ;

Tall trunks of elm trees, felled and roughly
sawn

In yon dim woods that crown the pastures
warm,

Whence comes a low, faint tinkle, as the sheep
Move spectre-like across the darkening slope.
'Tis late, and yet the village does not sleep,
But seems astir with some expectant hope.

See, from the Master's villa, set half way
Between the river and the wooded heights,
Descends into the starless dusk a ray
Of gathered glory, like an aureole light,
And wearied workers in their doorways wait
A little longer ere they nod and drowse,
Since rumour flies from cottage gate to gate :
"To-night there's music at the Master's house !"

Yes, there was music, such as may bring near
To mortal dulness hints of things divine ;
Beethoven's loftiest utterance, vital, clear,
Sprang out of silence at the Master's sign
Evoked, and through the master-soul did flow,
Till light and sound seemed focused where he
stood :

The silver stream that left the silvery bow,
The flash of lamplight on wine-coloured wood.

The wonder ceased. Within the polished case
The priceless medium, whereby two great
hearts

Had met and communed with us for a space,
Was laid with reverence, as a woman parts
With that cold, voiceless clay that was her
child.

Then with his smile (all know the Master's ways)
He sped us forth, a band of devotees
To break the midnight silence with our praise,
And talk of "tone" and technicalities.

That brief June night I lay upon my bed
And through the casement's square of filmy blue
Watched a pale planet set ; my mind was fed
With music, as the night was fed with dew.
Master, forgive me ! It was not the strong,
Deep echo of the boon by you conferred
That filled my brain, but memories of a song
A voice beloved had left unsung, unheard.

That night I was not far, friend, from your
heart,
Nay, closer than I ever hoped to reach

Across that gulf which keeps our lives apart ;
Because a cryptic song came back to teach
A way whereby I took you for my own,
High in life's fane enthroned and sanctified,
Against your will, not with it ; all unknown
To you and to the callous world outside.

It was a song that held a mystery.

(Wolf made it ere the clouds closed o'er his
brain.)

"The night is still," it ran, "and thought is
free

And none may read my rapture or my pain,
Since love of soul for soul goes unconfessed,
And cloaks its bitter, as it hides its sweet ;
Therefore my love, unspoken and unguessed,
Is dear as darkness and as night discreet."

STORNELLI

FLOWER of the thorn !

My love was so blithe

When I met her at morn.

Honey-sweet heather !

Her hair touched my cheek

As we wandered together.

Flower of the ling !

On the fingers I kissed

There was never a ring.

Pale blossom of privet—
What are pledges of love
To the man who would live it ?

Warm flowers of musk !
My soul was afire
When we parted at dusk.

Sharp spikes of the gorse !
Could I leave her the rapture
And take the remorse.

FIVE TATAR FOLK-SONGS

I

FROM out the yellow reeds which fringe the
burn

The wild-fowl's cry is borne along to me ;
Whether I fare straight on, or backward turn,
Still for my folk I pine eternally.

II

Ere I could pierce the forest's gloom,
I broke the rowan-trees apart ;
Now, severed from my race, with whom
Can I take counsel in my heart ?

III

Good it is to stand and see
How the windmills evenly
Turn and turn their sails.
When my love is far from me,
Vain, sweet words come fluently ;
Meeting her, my tongue is tied,
Then the right word fails.

IV

How am I changed ! Upon the distant hill
Is stretched a forest dark and vast, O God !
The happy days that are for others still,
For me are done and overpast, O God !

V

Were I a thief, I would steal a horse ;
I would carry off a maid by force,
 If I were sly and bold.
But if I were a rosy lass,
I'd loosen all my heavy mass
 Of tresses black, or gold,
And in my casement set a light
For one who passes by at night.

FRAGMENTS FROM
"KING WALDEMAR"

A LIBRETTO FOR A DRAMATIC
SYMPHONY BASED ON THE
"GURRESANGE" OF A. P. JACOBSEN

WALDEMAR'S LOVE-SONG

THE saints before the Throne, they know not
such

Delight as now is mine.

Their harps respond less sweetly to their touch
Than Wolmer's soul to thine.

Ah, not more fiercely some lost soul desires
To win back peace and light,

Than I desired thy kiss when Gurré's spires
First flashed upon my sight.

I would not change these weather-beaten walls,
Nor this fair gem they hold,

For all the splendours of the angelic halls,
With all their harps of gold.

WALDEMAR SINGS AT MIDNIGHT

'Tis midnight, when through sable glooms

The wicked and unblest

Pass from their long-forgotten tombs

Wherein they find no rest,

And, having leave once more to rise,

Return to gaze, with wistful eyes,

Through casements where the lamps burn
bright,

Or watch the homely ember-light

That leaps in cottage-rooms.

They shiver in the midnight blast,

They drift on charnel airs ;

The mocking wind that whistles past

A bitter message bears

To them, unsheltered and forlorn,
The echoing clang of cup and horn,
The love-refrains of long ago ;
They sigh, and melt like April snow,
Poor ghosts whose day is done.

With us is life. My hand lies near
Thy heart that throbs for me.
My head upon thy bosom, dear,
Is rocked as on a sea
Of living billows, warm and white.
Thy hair clings like the perfumed night.
Thy kisses rain on lips and eyes,
And my triumphant passion cries :
“ O love, our day is here ! ”

Time scatters bliss ; love cannot stay !
I too shall go my round

Among that band of spectres grey,
And come, without a sound,
To visit thee at midnight's hour,
Shall closer draw my shroud and cower
When cock-crow bids me sadly creep
Forgotten to my grave, to weep
And ask : "Where is our day ?"

TOVÉ'S REPLY

AH, Wolmer, canst thou stay to think of death
Amid our bliss,
While there remaineth yet both time and
breath
For one more kiss ?
The yellow stars above that pulse and burn
Must pale at morn,

Yet at each purple gloaming they return

With fire reborn.

Not worse, in truth, is death's mysterious way :

A slumber brief

From nightfall till the dawn's increasing grey

Brings glad relief.

Belovèd, to yon faithful stars look up,

And let us two

Not fear to drain to Death our golden cup,

Who makes love new.

And when his footsteps take us unawares

We will not cry "Alas !"

Nor vex him with our vain and abject prayers,

But kiss and pass.

THE LOVE DUET

Waldemar

MY wondrous Tové, having thee
I have both earth and heaven.
My spirit floats in crystal calm
Like his whose sin is shriven.

Tové

A white peace rests upon my soul,
A folded bliss unbroken,
And passion's words cool on my lips
And perish there unspoken.

Waldemar and Tové

Do not our inmost thoughts rise up
Like clouds in April weather,

That melt and mingle and assume
More perfect forms together ?

We gaze into each other's eyes
And read but one soul's story ;
One will, one fate, one Hell, or one
Forgiveness and one glory.

THE PRESAGE

The Wood-dove sings

WOOD-DOVES of Gurré, my sisters,
Weary my pinions and slow,
Bitter the tidings I bear ye,
Pregnant of woe !

Queen Helvig's falcon, the cruel,
Swooped upon Tové's white dove,

Pierced to its heart-core and murdered
The bird of her love !

* * * * *

QUEEN HELVIG'S SONG

SHARPER than the hunter's knife
When it meets the roe-deer's flesh ;
Wilder than the panting strife
Of birds taken in a mesh ;
Hotter than the lava-flow
From the riven mountain-side ;
Bitterer than those stagnant pools
Left by long-forgotten tides
Near a lone and oozy sea ;
Vainer than the tears of fools
Are the throes of jealousy.

THE TIDINGS

The Wood-dove sings

WOOD-DOVES of Gurré, my sisters,

Heavy my pinions and slow,

Bitter the tidings I bring ye,

Pregnant with woe.

As I flew over the Islands,

All the winds whispered of dread ;

Draw near and hear the winds' message :

Tové is dead.

TOVÉ'S DIRGE

The Wood-doves in Chorus

TOVÉ is dead ! Now darkness weighs

Upon those eyes so bright and mild

That were the light of Wolmer's days.
Her heart, it is hushed and chill,
But the King's heart throbs madly still.
Ah, woe to the heart that is numb, yet wild.

The King, he drifts, a stricken bark
Whose helmsman in the weeds below
Lies where no eye may pierce the dark,
Nor any urgent message go.
Their thoughts flowed like one river
Whose course no rocks dis sever.
Where now tend Tové's thoughts? No man
may show.

TOVÉ'S BURIAL

The Wood-dove sings

I SAW fair Tové's bier upraised
By Hennig and the King
The night was dark, but one torch blazed
To light her burying.

Queen Helvig from her balcony
Beheld her lord depart.
Her vengeful face was dire to see,
More black than Hell her heart.

But when she saw her rival dead,
Borne by in such sad guise,
The tears wrath would not let her shed
Stood glistening in her eyes.

The King a peasant's jerkin wore,
His soul was wrapped in gloom.
He led his battle-steed that bore
Fair Tové to her tomb.

And so the gathering dark increased
As slow they paced along
Unto a chapel, where a priest
Rang as for evensong.

But when he saw the King go by
He guessed his errand well,
And let the tinkling echoes die,
Then tolled the passing knell.

Once Hennig to his Lord hath spoken,
I know not if he heard,

For never was the silence broken
By any answering word.

But when, in deepest forest hid,
They reached the burial-place,
King Wolmer raised the coffin-lid
And looked on Tové's face.

Long time he looked, and kissed her too,
As though his living breath
Upon her lips and eyelids blue
Might melt the seal of death.

But when his kisses all were shed,
And she had given none,
He knew, at last, his love was dead
And all his hopes undone.

KING WALDEMAR'S LAMENT

THE mere reflects my Tové's eyes,
Yon cloud recalls her breast of snow,
Her voice on forest breezes low
Comes to me from afar,
Her smile is in that falling star
Which gleams and dies.

My thoughts would fashion her again
From shadows born of wood, or lake,
My cheated senses strive to make
A dream reality.

My Tové, Wolmer yearns for thee
And yearns in vain !

WALDEMAR'S DESPAIR

O THOU, stern Judge, who sittest throned
above

And mock'st my anguish ; Thou who hast no
need

Of human sympathy and natural love,
When Thou dost raise us from the dead, take
heed

That she and I are indivisible ;
Send not her soul to Heaven and mine to
Hell,

Lest from despair I draw such awful powers
That I shall break the angelic ranks and burst
The gates of gold ; fling down the jasper
towers

And with my huntsmen wild leave ruin accurst—
As comets work hot havoc in the skies—
Across the shining fields of Paradise.

* * * * *

KING WALDEMAR'S MIDNIGHT CHASE

THE SPECTRE HUNSMEN

HAIL, O King ! We come, we flock,
To thy midnight tryst by mere and rock,
With eyeless sockets and fleshless hands
We answer, O liege, to thy commands.
Now fit the shaft to the stringless bow
And over the hill-tops and moorlands low
The phantom stag pursue,
Whose wounds bleed morning dew.

We come, we flock,
To our king in his need.
Harkaway hound, harkaway steed !
Though we gallop apace
Too short is the chase
We must vanish at crow of cock !

* * * * *

Stands the cock with lifted beak
Waiting for the first dawn-streak.
From our swords the morning dew
Runs in drops of rust-red hue.
Poor ghosts, our day is o'er,
Earth swallows up once more
All grisly forms that shun the light.
Ere day returns in warmth and might,
Back, back,
Where the grave yawns black !

Ere darkness cease,
Down, down, to the tomb,
To the dream-filled gloom
That brings no peace !

* * * * *

EPILOGUE

The Summer Wind's Wild Chase

THE summer wind has started on his chase !
Now yellow tansy, spurge, and loosestrife tall,
Ere he can reach you in his headlong race,
Down with your heads, bend quick !
See how the swarming gnats have one and all
Forsook the sedgy place
Where reeds grow thick !
He falls upon the land like some fierce king
Bent on maraudering,

Who sails across the northern sea
And leads his ruthless hosts at will,
With tattered flags, and fifes, and hautboys
 shrill,
And strange, wild minstrelsy.
The dense marsh mists he scatters like white
 wool ;
He cuts a silver path across the pool,
And at the fury of his swift advance
The withered leaves whirl in a Mænad dance.
Wheugh ! How he screeches and whistles
As loud as an autumn gale !
Now woe to the grey-bearded thistles
And blossoms whose stems are frail.
He laughs as he mounts and reaches
The crowns of the shivering beeches.
What swaying and swinging,

What rocking and clinging
And fluttering of wings in the elm-tree that
 creaks,
Where the daws and young rooks are alarmed
 at his freaks.

But summer winds know many moods,
And soon he wearies of the woods.
Next, through the standing corn he sweeps,
The barley rustles, and the gold wheat shakes
And bends, compliant to his will.
The speckled frog from off the fieldpath leaps
To some moist covert where he quakes
And wonders what the wind is doing.
The dew comes purling down the vale
In a tinkling rill.
The August meteors flash and fail,

As though they felt his breath pursuing
To shatter their fires.

Not yet the wind tires !

Once more he climbs among the trees

To rifle their green mysteries ;

As when in May he went a-wooing

The apple-blooms his rough caresses shed.

Now all are spoiled and dead.

Half petulant to find no Maytide flowers

Among the tree-top bowers ;

Across an airy space he speeds

To where the glittering mere

Reflects the starlight, mild and clear,

Caught in a mesh of water-weeds.

The summer wind at last is spent

And now is glad to rest

Awhile upon the lake's cool breast,
Beneath night's gold and purple tent.
Above the waters, still and deep,
Breathless, with folded wings,
He rocks and swings,
Asleep.

RECENT POETRY

THE SONG OF SONGS, WHICH IS SOLOMON'S.

A Lyrical Folk-Play of the Ancient Hebrews arranged in Seven Scenes. By FRANCIS COUTTS. With Illustrations by HENRY OSPOUAT. In cloth, 1s. net; in leather, 1s. 6d. net.

THE COMING OF LOVE: Rhona Boswell's Story

(a Sequel to "Aylwin") and other Poems. By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. Seventh and Enlarged Edition, with Revisions, a Photogravure Portrait of the Author after Rossetti, and a Preface by the Author. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

AUGUSTINE THE MAN: A Play. By AMELIE

RIVES (Princess Troubetzkoy) with a Photogravure Portrait after a drawing by THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ERNEST

DOWSON. With Illustrations and cover design by AUBREY BEARDSLEY, a Portrait by WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN, and a Memoir by ARTHUR SYMONS. Crown 8vo, 5s. net. Second Edition.

LOVE'S TESTAMENT: A SONNET SEQUENCE.

By G. CONSTANT LOUNSBERY. Uniform with "An Iseult Idyll and other Poems." Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

SELECTED POEMS OF JOHN DAVIDSON.

Fcap. 8vo. Bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d. net. Bound in leather, price 5s. net.

RECENT POETRY

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WATSON

Edited and arranged, with an Introduction,

By J. A. SPENDER.

In 2 Volumes. With Portrait and many new Poems.

Crown 8vo. Price 9s. net.

TIMES.—"William Watson is, above all things, an artist who is proud of his calling and conscientious in every syllable that he writes. To appreciate his work you must take it as a whole, for he is in a line with the high priests of poetry, reared, like Ion, in the shadow of Delphic presences and memories, and weighing every word of his utterance before it is given to the world."

ATHENÆUM.—"His poetry is 'a criticism of life,' and viewed as such, it is magnificent in its lucidity, its elegance, its dignity. We revere and admire Mr. Watson's pursuit of a splendid ideal; and we are sure that his artistic self-mastery will be rewarded by a secure place in the ranks of our poets. . . . We may express our belief that Mr. Watson will keep his high and honourable station when many showier but shallower reputations have withered away, and must figure in any representative anthology of English poetry. . . . 'Wordsworth's Grave,' in our judgment, is Mr. Watson's masterpiece. . . . its music is graver and deeper, its language is purer and clearer than the frigid droning and fugitive beauties of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'"

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.—"It is remarkable that when Mr. Watson's poetry directly invites comparison with the poetry of preceding masters his equality always, his incomparable superiority often, becomes instantly apparent. . . . No discerning critic could doubt that there are more elements of permanence in Mr. Watson's poems than in those of any of his present contemporaries. . . . A very treasury of jewelled aphorisms, as profound and subtle in wisdom and truth as they are consummately felicitous in expression."

BOOKMAN.—"From the very first in these columns we have pleaded by sober argument, not by hysterical praise, Mr. Watson's right to the foremost place among our living poets. The book is . . . a collection of works of art, like a cabinet of gems."

SPECTATOR.—"The two volumes will be joyfully welcomed by the poet's numerous admirers. There is a pleasure in the possession of a complete edition of a great writer's works. . . . We must apologise for quoting so copiously, but the book is so full of beautiful things that in his pleasure at seeing them all together the critic is irresistibly tempted to take them out and remind his readers of them separately."

ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.—"The publication of these volumes confers a distinct benefit on contemporary thought, contemporary poetry, and on English literature in a wider sense."

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER (in the *MORNING LEADER*).—"Among the critics of the nineties enamoured of this or that phase of eccentricity, affectation, or excess, Mr. Watson had to pay dearly for his austere fidelity to his ideal of pure and perfect form. But these days are past; detraction now hides its diminished head; the poet . . . is clearly seen to be of the great race."

DAILY NEWS.—"He takes the large language of high poetry and the classic spirit, and moulds them with royal authority to the modern thought."

THE POETRY OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA : A TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Price 4s. 6d. net. Crown 8vo. Price \$1.25 net.

MR. W. L. COURTNEY (in the *DAILY TELEGRAPH*).—"We possess in Mr. Stephen Phillips one who redeems our age from its comparative barrenness in the higher realms of poetry."

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER (in the *DAILY CHRONICLE*).—"A thing of exquisite poetic form, yet tingling from first to last with intense dramatic life. Mr. Phillips has achieved the impossible. Sardou could not have ordered the action more skilfully, Tennyson could not have clothed the passion in words of purer loveliness."

ULYSSES : A Drama. In a PROLOGUE AND THREE ACTS. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. Crown 8vo., 4s. 6d. net.

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS (in the *STAR*).—"Ulysses' is a splendid shower of dazzling jewels flung against gorgeous tapestries that are shaken by the wind of passion. Mr. Stephen Phillips is the greatest poetic dramatist we have had since Elizabethan times."

DAILY CHRONICLE.—"Mr. Phillips is, in the fullest sense of the word, a dramatic poet."

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"It is a grateful task to discover in the new volume many indications of that truly poetic insight, that vigorous expression of idea, that sense of literary power and mastery which have already made Mr. Stephen Phillips famous."

HEROD : A Tragedy. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Price 4s. 6d. net. Crown 8vo. Price \$1.25 net.

TIMES.—"Here, then, is a noble work of dramatic imagination dealing greatly with great passions; multicoloured and exquisitely musical. Mr. Stephen Phillips is not only a poet, and a rare poet, but that still rarer thing, a dramatic poet."

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER (in the *WORLD*).—"The elder Dumas speaking with the voice of Milton."

ATHENÆUM.—"Not unworthy of the author of 'The Duchess of Malfi.'"

POEMS. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Price 4s. 6d. net. Crown 8vo. Price \$1.25 net.

TIMES.—"Mr. Phillips is a poet, one of the half-dozen men of the younger generation, whose writings contain the indefinable quality which makes for permanence."

SPECTATOR.—"In his new volume Mr. Stephen Phillips more than fulfils the promise made by his 'Christ in Hades': here is real poetic achievement—the veritable gold of song."

LITERATURE.—"No such remarkable book of verse as this has appeared for several years."

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS COUTTS

THE REVELATION OF ST. LOVE THE DIVINE.

Price 3s. 6d. net.

Square 16mo.

Price \$1.00.

THE ALHAMBRA AND OTHER POEMS.

Price 3s. 6d. net.

Crown 8vo.

Price \$1.25.

THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS: A Poem.

Price 3s. 6d. net.

Square 16mo.

Price \$1.00.

THE POET'S CHARTER; or, THE BOOK OF JOB.

Price 3s. 6d. net.

Crown 8vo.

Price \$1.25.

MUSA VERTICORDIA : Poems.

Price 3s. 6d. net.

Crown 8vo.

Price \$1.25 net.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

THE ACADEMY.—"The reader feels behind this verse always a brave and tender spirit, a soul which has at any rate 'beat its music out'; which will not compromise; which cannot lie; which is in love with the highest that it sees."

LITERATURE.—"It is not every writer who is master, as was quite truly said of Mr. Coutts some years ago, of the rare and difficult art of clothing thought in the true poetic language."

ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.—"All who know Mr. Coutts' other poems already will have much joy of this volume and look eagerly for more to follow it, and those who do not yet know them may well begin with this and go back to its predecessors."

LONDON : JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, W.
NEW YORK : JOHN LANE COMPANY, 67 Fifth Avenue.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

NON-RENEWABLE

NOV 23 1999

ILL-SVC.

DUE 2 WKS FROM DATE RECEIVED

REC'D YRL JAN 13 '00

Form L

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

PR Newmarch -
6027 Songs to a
N469s singer

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 555 409 2

PR
6027
N469s

Univer
Sou
Li